

PS 3515
.U45 R3
1920
Copy 1

Random Rhymes

Of a Suburbanite



8/0

© C1A598771

Random Rhymes of a Suburbanite



COPYRIGHT, 1920
BY A. H. HUMPHREY

PS 3515
. 2L45 R3
1920

Could I be sure that all my friends,
 Whene'er toward me their thought might stray,
Would feel the enchantment distance lends,
 I'd be content though far away.
But very frequently I find
 That "out of sight is out of mind,"
So I will ask you to be kind
 And not forget the undersigned.

A. H. Humphrey

Random Rhymes of a Suburbanite

CHRISTMAS 1916

"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Might we hear that song again,
Joyful, sweet and clear as when
Angels sang it o'er the earth
To proclaim the Saviour's birth!

Shepherds stretched on Bethlehem's plain
Were the first to hear that strain
That announced Messiah's reign.
O, that we might hear it, too,
And peace be proclaimed anew!

But, though 'tis not spoken loud,
And unheard is by the proud,
To the heart that's humbly bowed
Jesus speaks His word of love,
Gives the peace of heaven above.

And such hearts with peace are stayed
So they meet storms unafraid;
Midst the strife are not dismayed;
For His loving presence cheers,
And His voice dispels their fears.

Lord! we humbly pray that we
All through life may walk with Thee,
Kept in peace until we see
All the earth thine own domain,
Ushered in Thy glorious reign.

Though "Art is long and time is fleeting"
Well may we pause for Christmas greeting:
This bears a loving thought to you,
And speaks my friendship, warm and true.



DECEMBER 25, 1917

(Luke 2:8-11)

Abiding in the field by night,
Their lonely vigil keeping,
Some shepherds saw a glorious sight,
While other men lay sleeping.

And, while the shepherds greatly feared,
(One to another clinging),
The angel of the Lord appeared,
A joyful message bringing,

Of "Peace on earth, good will to men—"
Glad news for every nation,
For "Christ, the Lord," in Bethlehem
Is born, and brings salvation.



Of Christ, who teaches brotherhood,
We have been slow in learning;
And many still call evil good;
His truth, his Kingdom spurning.

Lord, send thy message forth again—
Let all the earth receive it,
And emphasize its truth to men,
Till all who hear believe it.

"Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done—"
While we pray this sincerely,
Grant that its meaning everyone
May apprehend more clearly.

So teach us all to love our God
That we shall love each other;
That nevermore shall drench the sod
Man's blood, shed by a brother.



DECEMBER 25, 1918

To proclaim the Saviour's birth
Angels sang of "Peace on Earth";
Once again this Christmas tide
Let it echo far and wide!
Let its music fill the air,
Telling all men everywhere,
Right has triumphed over might,
As the sun dispels the night.

Joyously the chorus swells;
Glorious is the news it tells,
"Peace on Earth," from shore to shore
Battle sounds are heard no more.
Loud your grateful anthems raise,
Hearts and voices join to praise
Him whose message comes again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"



For Christmas cheer, I send, this year,
These lines to be my greeting;
And trust ere long, the angels' song
All men shall be repeating!

EASTER SONG

When wintry winds no longer blow,
 And Spring's sweet breath perfumes the air,
 When birds are flitting to and fro,
 And green grass springing everywhere,
 Nature with joy seems animate:

The buds are swelling on the trees,
 And shade and sunshine alternate
 As clouds pass, wafted by the breeze.

Now here and there upon the grass
 A yellow dandelion is seen;
 In sheltered nooks, up through a mass
 Of withered leaves, sprout shafts of green;
 Not far away you'll find a place,
 On southern slope, warmed by the sun,
 Where windflowers sway with dainty grace
 As zephyrs softly kiss each one.

Clumps of the liverwort's pale blooms
 Adorn the edges of the wood,
 While ferns unroll their graceful plumes
 Near mossy stumps, where once there stood
 The forest monarchs, long since gone.
 Beyond the wood a pasture green
 Slopes to the brook—smooth as a lawn—
 Its velvet robe befits a queen.

* * * * * * * *

Earth slumbered long through Winter's night,
 But now with wakening life is thrilled,
 The streamlet's murmur breathes delight,
 The world with Easter joy is filled.
 From tree, and grass, and flower, and bird,
 From hill and dale, meadow and wood,
 One song of joyous praise is heard,
 And all proclaim that God is good.

Let all men join in nature's song,
And children's praise the chorus swell;
Let worshipers the churches throng,
And organ's note and deep-toned bell
Join in the anthems that ascend
To Him who triumphed o'er the grave:
Let his dominion have no end!
O'er all the earth his banner wave!



A PARABLE OF SPRING

The reign of Winter now is done,
The earth revives, warmed by the sun,
The snow that covered all the ground
Has disappeared—no ice is found—
The grass, so brown when last 'twas seen,
Is turning now to vivid green;
The leafless trees, so bare and gray,
While still they owned old Winter's sway,
Are changing now—their buds have swelled,
In Winter's grip no longer held.
The earth was hard, and cold, and dead,
But now it gives beneath your tread—
The air, that not long since was chill,
Now, warm and fragrant, sends a thrill
Through all your being—earth is rife
With promise of returning life.

Since night and darkness pass away,
Their gloom displaced by light of day—
Since Winter's cold and death-like grasp,
That holds all nature in its clasp
Through dreary months, must cease to cling—
Must loose its hold—when comes the Spring—

So, *Death himself*, so grim and cold,
That spares not, either young or old,
But lays his blighting hand on all,
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Must yield some day to One, whose might
Can rend the tomb—e'en Death can smite—
Whose power turns darkness into day,
And frees the earth from Winter's sway,
Whose word gives peace, and quells all strife,
Whose promise is—Eternal Life!



EASTER 1911

No message new I bring to you
Upon this Easter Day,
But join again the glad refrain,
As men and angels say,
With joyful voice, "Rejoice!—rejoice!
Our Lord is risen to-day."

Yes, Jesus lives and peace He gives,
Deep—like a river's flow;
Strength He imparts to weary hearts,
As those who love him know;
He lifts their life above the strife
And turmoil here below.

Never alone He leaves His own;
He keeps them day and night,
Lightens their cares, their burdens shares,
Makes all their pathway bright;
While he is near no doubt nor fear
Can e'er obscure the light.

May the joy of Easter fill
All your mind and soul, and still,
When the day has gone, remain
With you till it comes again!
Peace abiding and complete
Fill your life with music sweet,
Give you strength for every day—
Cheer and brighten all your way!



EASTER 1915

Hark! The Easter chimes are pealing;
Far and wide they fill the air;
Christ has risen, the grave unsealing:
Speed the message everywhere!

Listen! Now their music ringing,
Swells to the horizon's rim;
Choirs in earth and heaven, singing,
Join the glorious Easter hymn.

At His birth came angels, winging
Down to earth, to sound His fame;
Now, again the glad news bringing,
Angel messengers proclaim,

"He is risen!" O message cheering!
Echo it so all may hear!
Since He lives, Death, without fearing,
We can meet, if He be near.

Ever near thee, Lord, abiding,
Where Thou leadest would we come,
Though the path be rough, confiding
In Thy power to bring us home.

So our Master walk before us,
E'en the power of Death we'll brave,
And, unfaltering, sing in chorus,
"Where's thy victory now, O Grave!"



"O MASTER, WALK WITH ME!"

Two men in sorrow talked
As on their way they walked
One morning long ago.
They spoke of blighted hopes
Nor saw, upon the slopes,
The sunshine's glorious glow.

Then near them drew a third,
Who, listening, caught a word
That told their bitter grief.
Then He to them replied,
And, walking at their side,
He ministered relief.

Unto their wounded hearts,
As He the truth imparts,
Came peace; their sorrow fled.
And then at their request
He stopped to be their guest,
Gave thanks, and broke their bread.

And now, with opened eyes,
They look in glad surprise—
Their risen Lord they know!
That day, as they returned,
Their hearts within them burned—
With ardor all aglow.

When, burdened and oppressed,
Sorrowful and distressed,
 I walk along life's road,
O Master, walk with me!
Let me thy glory see—
 And lighten Thou my load.

To every contrite heart
Thy peace and joy impart,
 Thy loving self make known.
Be Thou our welcome guest,
And, by Thy presence blest,
 Our hearts shall Thee enthrone.



EASTER

To seek a rock-hewn sepulcher
 The women went at break of day;
A heavy stone that grave had sealed,
 Now—"Who shall roll the stone away?"

But when they came the stone was gone,
 The tomb itself was void and bare,
Untenanted by Him they sought—
 Naught but some grave-clothes lying there!

They stood perplexed, then saw two men
 In shining raiment clad, who said
"Why are ye sad? What do ye here?
 Why seek the living 'mid the dead?"

"He is not here, but He is risen
 Just as He told you long ago."
Then they remembered, and returned
 In haste to let His followers know.

One woman lingered, and beheld
Jesus himself and heard His voice!
She too brought back the joyful tale
And bade their sorrowing hearts rejoice.

And two who journeyed down a road
That to a neighboring village led
Their Master joined and comforted,
And was made known while breaking bread.

And some who gathered in a room
To talk and ponder on these things
Beheld their Master in the midst,
And knew the joy His presence brings!

Ofttimes since then the sorrowful
Have comfort found along Life's way
Because with them the Master walked
Who can make bright the darkest day.

And she who sadly stands alone
Finds life is nevermore the same
If, list'ning for His tender voice,
She hears the Master call her name.

And often His disciples meet
With burdened hearts to talk and pray
And, finding Jesus in the midst,
Glad and rejoicing go away.

Since women found that empty tomb
Death and the grave have lost their power,
And souls who in the Master trust
Face without fear the final hour.

With joy we celebrate that day,
And confident in hope we sing
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And tyrant Death, where now thy sting?"



EASTER GREETING

May your eyes be never so dimmed by tears
That you cannot see "the Master" at your side;
Nor your ears be deaf to His loving voice.

Wherever you go may you realize the joy of
His companionship; in every gathering may you
Find Him present, to bless you with His peace.

And when, Life's journey done, you face the
Tomb, may you see it, not as a dungeon, but as
The open door to the "House of Many Mansions."



"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS FROM WHENCE COMETH MY HELP"

Giver of Good, to Thee we raise
Our hearts in gratitude and praise—
We give Thee thanks for birds and flowers,
For clouds, as well as sunny hours—
And for the landscape's varied charms
Of hills and dales, and woods and farms.
We thank Thee, too, that with each day
Come varied tasks, some work, some play.
May we in all be steadfast, true—
Do with our might whate'er we do.
And we thank Thee for quiet night,

For sleep, and rest, till morning light,
Our strength restored, brings us once more
For helpful deeds an open door.
Help us with gladness to begin
Each task, and thy approval win
On all our work. O, make us wise
In meeting problems that arise;
Strengthen our hearts to stand for right
And fear no foe, trusting Thy might.
Fill us with joyfulness, that we
May scatter joy where'er we be.
Help us to heal the broken hearts,
And soothe the pain and ease the smarts
Of those that suffer. Grant that we
May point the wanderers to Thee—
May lift the fallen, help the weak,
And by our utmost efforts seek
To make this world God's paradise.
He, who no needed grace denies
To those who ask for His dear sake,
We trust will grant the prayer we make.



A WORK-DAY PRAYER

(A paraphrase)

O Thou Who workest "hitherto"
Help us, we pray, our work to do.
The tasks Thou givest we'll not shirk,
Give "grace sufficient" for the work.
The promise that we have from Thee
Is "As thy days thy strength shall be."
Believing this, which Thou hast said,
To-morrow's task we will not dread.
Dispel all fears—we trust Thy care—

Inspire us and our drudgery share.
May we be diligent indeed
When plodding better serves than speed.
Prevent all careless haste, we pray,
Build up our characters each day;
With all of goodness make us strong.
Hearten our courage all day long—
Hold fast our hands when our faith fails
And keep us true when sin assails.
We thank Thee, Lord, that work brings strength,
And daylight follows night, at length.
The Carpenter of Nazareth
We thank thee for; till latest breath
The Wrestler of Gethsemane
Shall still our inspiration be;
May we with faithful care attend
Our stewardship till life shall end,
So that Thy face "with joy" we see
O Master! when we're called to thee.



AT EVENTIDE

Father, to-night we come to Thee
Fretted by tasks that irksome be—
With tempers tried—weary indeed—
But sure Thy help can match our need!
We come in answer to Thy call
That promised rest to weary men—
Coming, we let our burdens fall,
And pray "Renew our strength again."
Let Thy deep peace be our heart's balm,
On storm-tossed souls command Thy calm.
Refreshed by sleep, to-morrow—may
Our strength be even as our day,

So that with hope and courage new
Gladly we shall our way pursue,
Sure that Thy presence will be near,
And where Thou art we need not fear.



AT DAWN

As our eyes open to the light,
To Thee, who kept us through the night,
Our thankful hearts we raise.
As Thou didst guard us while asleep,
Still, through the day, we pray Thee, keep
And guide us in right ways.

Make our paths plain before our feet—
Strengthen our hearts—save from defeat
Whenever sin assails.
With patience may we do our tasks,
Cheerfully helping him who asks—
Not judging one who fails.

With helpful words and kindly deeds,
And ready sympathy for needs
Of all our brother men—
With loyalty to truth and right—
Help us to serve Thee with delight
Till nightfall comes again.



A PRAYER

Doubt and weakness vex my soul;
Only Thou canst make me whole.
Sinful and unworthy I,
Yet, I pray Thee, pass not by!
I would helpful be and kind—

Pure in deed, and word, and mind—
Gentle, loving, faithful, strong—
Hopeful, joyous, breathing song—
Full of courage, filled with zeal.
Saviour at thy feet I kneel—
Thou, who knowest all my need,
Thou canst make me whole indeed—
Make me what I ought to be
That my life may show forth Thee!



AN EVENING PRAYER

The day is ended—darkness veils the earth—
So let Thy pity cover our mistakes,
For what we've done this day is little worth.
Thy love for weakness due allowance makes,
So, ere we seek repose, we come to Thee
Seeking for pardon—asking for Thy grace
To meet our needs, whatever they may be,
And that Thou look on us with smiling face.
Let gentle sleep our weariness dispel—
For what to-morrow has for us in store
Prepare and furnish us, we pray, so well
That we may better serve, and please Thee more
Than we have done to-day. And let Thy care
Be over us both now and when we wake.
Keep us from sin—be with us everywhere
To guard and guide. Help us, O Lord, to take
With thankful hearts whatever Thou dost give
Of joy or pain, and wholly trust Thy love.
May we the joy of service know, and live
Each day on earth the life of heaven above.

PEACE

John 14:27: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Peace on Earth!" Peace now and here,
Peace that banishes all fear.
Though your trials seem severe
And storms rage, be of good cheer;
He, whose coming presaged peace,
Can from sorrow give release;
Fiercest storms obey His will,
Heed his whisper, "Peace, be still!"

Do dark doubts your path obscure?
He will make your footsteps sure,
Help you, weary, to endure,
And through dangers walk secure;
And when fall the shades of night,
Following him, you shall have light.
Weak and faint? He'll strength increase,
Banish care and keep in peace.

When in loneliness you sigh,
Turn to him, for He is nigh;
In His presence troubles fly,
Foes are faced with courage high:
Vainly doubts and sins assail—
Trusting Him, you cannot fail.
Never let His praises cease—
God with us, the "Prince of Peace."

THE PRINT OF THE NAILS

John 20:25: * * * "Except I shall see in His hands
the print of the nails * * * I will not believe."

Jesus was the "Son of Man"
And man's humblest paths He trod—
Trode them as no other than
Jesus Christ the "SON OF GOD!"

Would you know Him such to be?
In the hour when doubt assails
Look upon Him, and you see
In His hands "the print of nails."

As about His work He goes,
Follow all the well-marked trails—
Sacrificial service shows
In His life "the print of nails."

Shame and sorrow meekly borne—
Patient love that never fails—
Loving deeds repaid by scorn—
Everywhere "the print of nails."

When for Him you bear the Cross,
Though your strength or courage fails,
Patient be in pain and loss—
Your hands, too, bear "print of nails."

You shall in Christ's glory share,
Before which earth's brightness pales,
If you in your body bear,
As He did, "the print of nails."

Would His church win unsaved men?
Naught but sacrifice avails
Men will throng her altars when
She too shows "the print of nails."

Sacrifice and service shine
With a brilliance nothing veils—
'Tis their beauty, so divine,
Glorifies "the print of nails."



CHILDREN'S DAY—1897

This is the month of sunshine
Of birds, and flowers springing—
And this the day when children
Gladden our hearts with singing.

This day they all assemble
With hymns of Adoration
And all the land is keeping
The Children's Celebration.

Their praises rise in chorus
And each child heart rejoices,
And organ notes and bird-songs
Unite with children's voices.

What place have men and women
Among the children here?
And why amid the flowers
Should ripened grain appear?

When trees put forth their blossoms
And fragrance fills the air,
Their beauty and their perfume
Are but the promise fair

That when shall come the Autumn,
And leaves turn sere and brown,
Each branch now clothed with beauty
With fruit shall be bent down.

And where green blades are waving
In every wind-swept field,
We know the golden harvest
Its plenteous store shall yield.

This lesson nature teaches—
That fruit should follow flowers;
That grain must quickly ripen,
Through sunshine and through showers.

Then let this sheaf remind us
That boys must grow to men—
That childhood quickly passes
And comes not back again.

Rejoice and sing with gladness
For buds and flowers of Spring,
Rejoice still more when Autumn
Its store of fruit shall bring.

Be glad for childish voices
Rejoice, young man, for youth!
But waste not precious moments
Study to know the truth.

The hours of youth are fleeting
They quickly pass away—
But after them there cometh
To all, a better day.

If the joyous heart of childhood
The voice of wisdom heeds—
And strength of earnest manhood
Is crowned with noble deeds.

Sing praises in life's springtime
And let no tongue be mute,
But pray when Autumn cometh
Your life may bear rich fruit.



WISHES

If my wishes could secure
All I wish for, it is sure
You would have bright skies above you
And no lack of friends to love you.
I would not forgotten be,
You would often think of me.



TO MARY H.

'Tis sure there was ne'er a
Girl like you, Mary—
Ever grew on the soil of the "Emerald Isle."
There's naught can compare
With your eyes or your hair
And there's nothing so bright as the light of your
smile.

You're surpassingly sweet
From your head to your feet
And St. Patrick himself you would surely beguile
To leave the "ould sod"
He would come at your nod
And never go back to the "Emerald Isle."



VALENTINE

I know a sweet girl—she's red-headed—
And hers is the image imbedded
Most deeply within my heart.
As streams find their way to the ocean,
To her flows my heart's deep devotion
And needs neither compass nor chart.



TO A GRADUATE

On this, your graduation day,
What is the message I should send?
What are the words I ought to say
To cheer, inspire, and bless my friend?
You know full well that nothing less
Than ALL the best the world can give
Of real success—true happiness—
Should ever meet you while you live,
Were these dependent on my prayer!
Nor would I fail by word or deed
To comfort, cheer—to shield from care—
To give you help, whate'er your need.
Be sure of this, no matter what
Of good or ill your way attend—
Whether you win success or not—
That I shall love you to the end.

DEDICATION

Gladly I send this best of gifts,
The Book of books—no other lifts
The soul to heights serene and bright
Like this—no other sheds such light
Upon life's path, nor helps to bear,
Like this, the sorrow all must share!
Comfort and strength in it are found,
Peace amid conflicts—joys profound.
To those who grope it points the goal
And rightly guides each earnest soul.
Make it your counselor and friend,
Study it, love it to life's end.

* * * * *

God's love surround you, and his grace,
Until with joy you see His face.



BIRTHDAY GREETING

"Father Time was glad the mornin'
Of the day that you were born in,
And the world is glad this minute
That you still are living in it."

Thus a poet's words I'm quoting
As the best way of denoting
What your birthday means to me;
And I'm wishing most sincerely
That to YOU this day may yearly
Brighter grow, and happier be.

RED LETTER DAYS

A calendar before me hangs,
In several colors printed—
Some days appear in sober black,
And some are brighter tinted.

The dark days are our days of toil,
When most we feel life's fetters;
But days of rest, and holidays
Are printed in red letters!

Of all the days of the whole year,
No day is brighter reckoned
Than that whereon my friend was born,
That day is August Second!

Still on my calendar I gaze
And still I note "Red Letter Days"—
And though the order seem reversed,
Still I put August Second first.



This is August Second, so to-day I send
Heartfelt birthday greetings to valued friend.
May this day bring to you always mem'ries sweet,
With new joys in prospect, that you soon shall
meet;

May each year that passes give you added grace,
Till with joy at last you see "Our Father's Face!"



Your birthday, dear, to celebrate
I'd gladly send you something great.
But, since my choice is limited,
I merely send a book I've read.

I hope some weary hour 'twill soothe,
Or help to make some rough place smooth;
If it shall do you any good,
'Twill serve the end I meant it should.



MAY 18, 1918

Because to-day I'm sixty-eight
I think I've cause to celebrate!
And what more fitting can I do
Than gather flowers to send to you?
If you should live—I hope you may—
To be as old as I to-day,
I pray that happiness and health
May both be yours, and boundless wealth
You may have stored in Heaven above—
All through your life may you have LOVE.



TO A DISTANT FRIEND

Though you are very far away,
My thoughts fly to you every day.
I hope sometimes, by day or night
You'll think of me, and, maybe, write.



TO A FRIEND—ON HER BIRTHDAY

May I ask if you remember
On the third of last December
Flowers and rhymes I sent to you?
They but poorly spoke my feeling,
Only partially revealing
What I wished and hoped for you.

Months have passed, and still unspoken
Still without a fitting token

Are the thoughts I fain would speak.
Where can I find words expressing
All the heights and depths of blessing
That on your behalf I seek?

Last year's flowers have long since faded,
Whose perfume and beauty aided

To commemorate this day—
Something that will last much longer,
And will speak in accents stronger,
Now I'll send you, if I may.

Keep this book, dear, always near you;
May it strengthen you and cheer you

Even in your hours of pain.
Sometimes think upon the giver,
Who will hope beyond Death's river
That we two may meet again.



JULY 19, 1919

Sad is my heart and hushed my song—
Gloomy the days—the hours are long—

When Faith is gone!
But Faith's return drives gloom away,
As shadows flee from brightening day
When comes the dawn!



APRIL 4

'Tis April sunshine and its showers
Prepare the way for springtime flowers;
But not a flower in any place
That grows more fair than one called "Grace."

And year by year she fairer grows,
With Summer's sun or Winter's snows;
For passing years have left no trace
Of aught but good upon her face.

Since she was born 'neath April skies
Her smile with April sunshine vies.
I'm sure my life would brighter be
If oftener she smiled on me!

From April 4 she dates her birth—
'Twas then she came to brighten earth—
I'm wishing that with every year
She'll be more glad that she is here!



APRIL 4

In the month of April
With its smiles and tears
There's one day whose brightness
Shines through all the years
'Tis the day on which we
Celebrate your birth—
That fourth day of April
When you came to earth.
And each year this glad day
Finds a higher place
In our hearts, because we
So much more like Grace!

"WHAT'S IN A NAME"

It has been asked "What's in a name?"
Some people think them all the same;
But in my mind no name is set
Above the name of "Margaret!"

One beautiful in form and face
Might fitly bear the name of Grace,
But there is one I can't forget
And she is known as "Margaret."

We borrow names of flower or gem,
Though little we resemble them;
But Lily, Pearl, or Violet
Are not as fine as "Margaret."

As sweet as any flower that grows
Most people think the fragrant rose—
Its name is sweet—but sweeter yet,
To me, the name of "Margaret."

No matter though I'm far away
One name still haunts me through the day,
And in my dreams I hear it yet—
'Tis the dear name of "Margaret."

*MAY 18*

To-day, for me, marks seventy years
Of life that has known joy and tears!
Rejoice with me that on this day
As I look back o'er all my way
My heart is filled with thankfulness
For mercies undeserved by me—
For friends, and health and happiness
And hope of better things to be.

I'm hoping that as you grow old
New joys may constantly unfold
Before your forward-looking eyes,
And that you'll win life's highest prize!



JUST YOU

It matters not how far away
My weary feet may from you stray
My thoughts, unwearied seek the place
Where you abide. No time nor space
Can hinder when they you pursue—
No night so dark but they'll find you.



HALLOWE'EN VERSES

I know a little witch
And she is almost five—
(Most witches are much older)
Most witches ride a broom,
But, sure as I'm alive
This one rides on my shoulder.

On this night when witches visit,
It would give me joy exquisite,
If one witch would visit me,
You're the witch I long to see.

Look in your glass on Hallowe'en
Your true love's face may there be seen!
I do not know this true to be,
But—if it's so, look! you'll see me!

Just as a bird flies through the air
A witch can travel anywhere!
Were I a witch, I'd mount my broom,
And quickly ride into your room!

"If wishes were horses then beggars might ride,"
If I were the beggar I'd ride to your side—
Alas! for my wish will not carry my weight;
So here I must stay bemoaning my fate.



TO MRS. R. M. W.

If I possessed a witch's broom,
And to and fro could ride at pleasure,
Ere long I would invade your room—
The miles between I'd quickly measure.
But witches all have disappeared,
And every witch took her broom with her—
My travels, it is to be feared,
Will not be like to bring me thither.
But thoughts can travel fast and far,
And often mine go eastward speeding,
Past hill and plain, to where you are—
And when I come—you sit unheeding.
And yet, I wonder, is it so?
Perhaps, across your mem'ry stealing,
There comes some thought of long ago—
And then you stir, my presence feeling.



A PORTRAIT

'Twould tax the skill of a painter
Her picture to you to give,
Whose image will never grow fainter
Upon my heart while I live.

Her lashes can scarce veil the splendor
Of eyes that are sparkling with fun,
But sometimes a glance, shy yet tender,
Warms my heart like the rays of the sun.
No gold that ever was minted
Can rival the gleam of her hair,
No rose so exquisitely tinted
With the blush on her cheek can compare.
Ah! words never yet have been printed
Can describe a beauty so rare.



"WHEN ELLEN SMILES"

Troubles beset us everywhere—
Our lives are seldom free from care!
One thing my worries oft beguiles,
They're all forgot when Ellen smiles!

Life has some trouble and some joy,
Some things that please, some that annoy;
Who of them all a list compiles
'Mid things most prized puts Ellen's smiles!

How many times relief I've found
From routine work's unvarying round
Because I stopped, glanced round brief whiles,
And intercepted Ellen's smiles!

This earth with pleasant things abounds:
Then go and seek glad sights, sweet sounds;
You'll find, though you should travel miles,
Naught that surpasses Ellen's smiles!

LONGING

Whether I'm sleeping or waking
Ever I dream of you—
At morn, when day is breaking,
And all the long day through,
And when, the sun declining,
The shadows longer grow—
When stars o'erhead are shining
After the sunset glow—
Ever my thoughts are turning
To you, by night or day;
Ever for you I'm yearning,
Wherever my feet may stray,
Your image still discerning,
Though you are far away.

WE PREPARE LUNCH FOR THREE LADIES
WHO WILL TRAVEL*M. B. C. Folks*

We are giving you some Smyrna figs—
Eat all you like but don't be pigs!
We think you'll also like some dates—
Eat from your fingers or from plates.
When nothing else you like is handy
Solace yourselves by chewing candy!
Ere kindly sleep your eyelids shuts
Don't fail to try the salted nuts!
Don't feast on olives till you burst!
Let lemon-juice assuage your thirst!
Don't scatter crumbs or make a muss,
And sometimes kindly think of us!

We trust while going you'll not lack.
(Who'll fix your lunch when you come back?)
Have a good time—see all the sights,
Keep early hours—don't stay out nights!
With people talk—enjoy their jokes—
But none you'll find like your own folks!



TO ADA, JULY 26, 1919

M. B. C. Folks

Ada, dear, we hate to lose you!
Should that man dare to abuse you
Come right back—we'll surely use you
 Just the very best we know!
Since you will persist in going
We are anxious to be showing
Our regard—so you'll be knowing
 That we hate to have you go.

A committee has been choosing
This new silver for your using,
For we know that much we're losing
 When our Ada goes away.
All of us have helped to get it
And before you now we set it
With the hope that you will let it
 Tell you more than we can say!

As you enter new relations
Please accept congratulations,
And we join in invitations
 That you oft will seek our door.
We'll be very glad to greet you—
On our best chair always seat you
And endeavor so to treat you
 That you'll wish to come once more.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

When Mary Helen writes to me
Her letters always seem to be
The very thing that's needed
To make the world seem fair and bright
Dispelling gloom and bringing light
So worries pass unheeded.

I wonder why she does not write
A letter every Sunday night
And mail it Monday morning.
'Twould help to keep me free from care
And I'd go smiling everywhere
Sorrow and sadness scorning.



To the little girl with auburn hair—
Grandmother's here, and you are there—
But though we are so far apart
Your picture is in Grandma's heart.

And Grandma thinks of you every day
When you are working, or when you play
And longs for the time, the glad time when
You and Grandmother shall meet again.



Margaret and Mary each sent us a letter
And we cannot say which one we liked better—
But one thing was needed to add to our joy
And that was a letter from Georgie, our boy.
And since he has sent one, by help of his mother
We hope before long he will write us another,
For letters from Brawley please Grandma and me
Far more than all others that we ever see.

One night I came home feeling blue
So tired I scarce knew what to do—
And Grandma said, "I'll have to scold;
You act like you were growing old.
But this ought to restore your youth—
A letter sent by Margaret Ruth!"
And, sure enough, by it inspired,
I quite forgot that I was tired!
To talk and laugh I soon began,
And acted like a different man.
If you had only seen me then,
You'd not wait long to write again.



This to the boy who is almost a man
And growing to be one as fast as he can
Grandmother wishes you always to be
Glad and happy and full of glee.

May your life be long and your days be bright.
May you shun what is wrong, and love the right.
Be strong and helpful, gentle and kind,
And whatever may happen, success you will find.



LA GRANGE

(Air: "Maryland, My Maryland")
Who dwelleth here such life enjoys,
Never would he wish to change;
The "garden spot" of Illinois—
We have found it in—La Grange.
Here happy troops of girls and boys
Fill all our streets with cheerful noise,
And none can tell how great the joys,
Known by dwellers in La Grange.

Here nature with a bounteous hand
Lavishes her treasures strange,
On every street tall shade trees stand
O'er the village of La Grange,
With blooming flowers and foliage green
And grassy lawns, thy homes between,
No fairer village e'er was seen
Than La Grange, Our own La Grange.

Our wand'rings far away from home
Hearts from thee shall not estrange,
Wherever weary feet may roam
Hearts turn back to thee, La Grange
Thou dost not nestle midst the hills—
Through thee there flow no murmuring rills—
But in thy trees the song bird trills
Love for thee "Oh! sweet" La Grange.

We breathe thy ozone laden air
While with joy thy streets we range
Such draughts are antidotes to care—
Banish languor from La Grange
And while we stay within thy pale,
Oh may our ardor never fail
To guard thy honor, whom we hail—
Queen of villages—La Grange.

"SUSIE"

She makes rhyme with amazing facility
And shows very great amiability
For whoever may ask
She thinks it no task
To write out a verse with docility.

Her subjects show great versatility
Our praise she receives with humility,
She owns a typewriter
And it seems to delight her
To pound out her verse with agility.

Pray don't doubt my tale's credibility
Because of the improbability
That a girl so endowed
Should not be too proud
To treat common folks with civility.

*CHRONIC WEARINESS*

When the birds come back each Spring,
When the balmy breezes blow,
B—— don't want to do a thing—
He would rest till falls the snow.

And when birdies fly away
To escape from Winter's storms
Then no work he'll do, they say,
Till once more the weather warms!

INSTALLATION HYMN

(Eastern Star)

Sister, we gladly see you kneel
Before this altar now;
And, as you speak, new joy we feel
To hear your solemn vow.
The honors now conferred on you
Worthily may you bear,
And every duty may you do
With most painstaking care.

Chorus:

Let every action be
Honest and true,
And may we ever see
The best in you,
So that whate'er betide
During this year,
You can review with pride
Your record here.

Remember that the vows now made
Bind you to faithfulness;
But that from all you must have aid
If you would win success.
Seek by your conduct to inspire
New zeal in every breast:
God give the wisdom you require
And help you do your best!

(Chorus)

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 939 194 2